

JOURNAL

OF

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD DUNDASS,

FORMERLY

AUDITOR OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, OHIO,

INCLUDING HIS

ENTIRE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA,

AS A MEMBER OF THE

Steubenville Company bound for San Francisco,

IN THE YEAR 1849.

STEUBENVILLE, O.
PRINTED AT CONN'S JOB OFFICE.
1857.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
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in the clerk's office of the district court of the United States,
in and for the Northern district of Ohio.



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INTRODUCTION.

ON the 24th of March, 1849, there was more than ordinary excitement in the usually quiet, and beautiful city of Steubenville. A company had been organized during the previous winter, for the golden regions on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Wonderful news from California had reached the enterprising inhabitants of the Buckeye State. Texas had been annexed to this mighty confederacy, the Mexican war had passed away, and with its transit, California too, came knocking for admission into this "glorious union." Inexhaustible treasures are soon discovered in its mountains and vallies, and in the very beds of those rivers whose history is lost in the dark recesses of the primeval generations of men. What an intense excitement pervades the American continent! What multitudes are attracted to these far distant regions, corresponding in their atmosphere and scenery, to oriental climes! What complicated motives animate the thousands young and old, who enter the line of march for this modern land of promise; some to procure an earthly independence, some as a desperate remedy for impaired health, and others no doubt, to carry with them, the elements of Christianity and literature and civilization into that region of the earth, so abundant in facilities, to exert the mightiest influence for good on the millions of the old world. Hence with all that seemed visionary in the enterprise, with all its gaudy castles in the air, and with all the disastrous results, foreseen by reflecting men, from lofty, and falling and fallen superstructures, which from the first, had nothing but a foundation of sand for their support; with all these barriers in the way, the immense movement towards California, had the sympathy of the best men in the land. In this phenomenon of emigration, they recognized in a moment, the hand of an infinitely wise and superintending providence. They saw God moving in a "mysterious way, his wonders to perform." And this land of gold might become the grave of thousands, and like the battle of Waterloo, clothe unnumbered multitudes in mourning; still through

the victims thus sacrificed in the conflict, through the dark vista of the future, the friends of truth and humanity, saw civil and religious liberty widely extended, and the dominion of King Emanuel, built up on the Earth.

On the Sabbath evening previous to the embarkation of the Steubenville company, its members marched in a body, to one of the Churches of the city, and were addressed in the most solemn and appropriate language, by Rev. Dr. Beatty, and Rev. Mr. Nicholsot, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And on the following Monday, as they embarked on the noble steamer ready for their accommodation, they were favored with an eloquent oration by Col. George W. McCook. Numbers of citizens flocked to the wharf to bid farewell to friends, and with a hearty "God bless you," to be impressed with the conviction, that they might return no more forever.

COL. JAMES COLLIER, of Steubenville, having received the appointment of Collector of the Revenue of for Upper California, made his way with all possible expedition to the place of his destination. And it was well for many a young emigrant, that the Col. occupied a position so important and influential. He was known in California, as the friend of the needy and destitute in general; but the sympathies of his benevolent heart especially overflowed to those young men from his own region of country, who had suffered the "loss of all things," in passing through the wilderness, to the land of gold. His kind offices in behalf of Samuel R. Dundass, the writer of the following Journal, are still held in grateful remembrance by surviving friends, while the hand that first recorded them, is mouldering in the grave. In the city of Buffalo, on his way home to the bosom of his friends, the stern arrest of death was laid on him whose Journal is now given to the public. It was not originally designed for publication, and being written under the most unfavorable circumstances, it of course assumes nothing in the way of pretension to literary merit, and is now committed to the press, with all its imperfections, as at least some humble memorial of one who is "not lost, but gone before."

JOURNAL OF S. R. DUNDASS.

CHAPTER I.

Journey from Steubenville to Independence.

MARCH 24, 1849.—Embarked at Steubenville on board the steamboat Germantown, associated with 59 others from Steubenville and vicinity, organized as a "California Mining Company." The vessel was extremely crowded; still we had no steamboat disaster, and but little to mar the pleasure of our trip down the beautiful Ohio; and on the first of April, we landed at St. Louis.

APRIL 3 —Reshipped, and proceeded on the steamer "Mary Blane," bound for Independence, Mo., and in four days we arrived at the place of our destination, landing on the banks of the Missouri River, about three miles from Independence. It was Saturday and advanced in the evening, and the landing very muddy. We went into camp immediately on the river bank, some fifty rods below the landing, and after storing our provision, and conveying our baggage to camp, through a drenching rain, repaired to our tents at a late hour, to test the luxury of a bed of Buffalo skins for which our evening's exercise had admirably prepared us.

We were up early on the morning of the 8th, preparing our Breakfast, and making our best demonstration in the art of cooking. On the 10th of April, we removed to the brow of the river hill, where we had a good camp, and remained until the 24th, completing our outfit, procuring oxen and robes, and everything necessary for a final debut on the immense plains spread out before us.

CHAPTER II.

Journey from Independence to the Platte River.

On the morning of the 24th, we were up at an early hour and actively engaged in preparing to march. We had calculated on an early start, but found it far advanced in the day before we got off, owing chiefly to some difficulty in yoking and assigning the ox teams to the different messes. Our oxen had been bought in the neighborhood, and turned loose in a large field near our camp, where we fed them on corn, and being strange to each other, and many of us total strangers to driving, we made as might be expected, rather a novel movement. One drove against a tree, another barely escaped upsetting. The team of another manifested a strange disposition to take the other end of the road, and several men were required to prevent the animals from taking this stubborn course. I was fortunately not on the list of drivers that morning, as I would doubtless have sustained a loss of reputation in reference to the appropriate qualifications for such a *classical* service, had our team proved as refractory with me as it did with the person driving it: for, by some means our wagon tongue was broken before we got out of camp. Providentially however, we had a wagon maker in our mess; and in a few hours we had this indispensable appendage of our ox locomotive replaced, and were after the train which had now all got off in advance of us. It was in the afternoon when we left, and we had ten miles to travel before reaching the place selected for our next encampment. We reached the desirable spot awhile after dark, and found all safely in but one wagon which we passed a short distance from camp. The hounds of this vehicle had been broken in crossing a deep ravine on the borders of a prairie, and was from the necessity of the case, left under guard till the next morning, when it was repaired and brought into camp. We remained in camp until noon-day on the 25th, when we were all ready for marching, and left in regular train for Blue river—10 miles distant. We made quite an imposing appearance, with twenty large, covered, six ox wagons, and sixty men armed and equipped according to western style.

We encamped in the evening, a mile east of Blue river, on a

beautiful prairie, and near a spring of excellent water. Our oxen were turned out awhile to graze, and then put into a small fenced lot for the night, and fed on corn, the staple production of the country, procured with facility at any point of the road, at twenty-five or thirty cents per bushel, which indeed is a higher rate than usual, on account of the increased demand occasioned by the large number of emigrants en route for the land of gold, and for other places towards the setting sun.

Finding the grass not sufficiently advanced for forage, we determined to remain in the vicinity and feed corn until we could proceed in safety to our oxen; accordingly we selected a convenient camp west of the river, where we had pasture, wood and water in an enclosure, and remained there until the 30th, making some alterations on our wagons, procuring corn, and attending to other requisites for the successful prosecution of our journey over the plains.

APRIL 30.—Left early in the morning and marched sixteen miles, which brought us properly on the prairies, and nothing was wanting to render the scene enchanting, but a supply of water the want of which we sensibly felt before night, as we passed none during the day but a pond of muddy water in a small ravine that afforded a scanty supply only for the oxen. The poor animals in our service, had the preference of access to the water for the simple reason that the men could not use it. We arrived before sunset at lone elm encampment, and stopped for the night. The encampment is so called from an elm that stands almost in the bed of the small stream affording water of tolerable quality. It is the only tree for miles around, and is an object of curiosity to all who pass by; it is about three feet in diameter, of medium height, and has had a beautiful spreading top, the limbs of which however, have been cut off within the last few years by emigrants for camp fires, and the venerable tree is now on the decline. We found no wood here, and our only resort was to some empty barrels in our wagons, and some dry weeds. We dug small trenches in the ground, and by building our fires in them, secured the full benefit of our small stock of fuel. The night was very cold and

windy, but our days labor had prepared us for a good night's repose even in a cotton tent, with bedding of Buffalo skins and blankets. Enclosures had been procured at our previous camps for our cattle, but we now commenced herding them on the Prairie. This was done by assigning them sufficient space on which to graze, and keeping them together by a guard.

MAY 1.—Rose early, and were on our way a little after "sun up." We left to-day, the great Santa Fe thoroughfare, one of the best natural roads in the world, extending through a vast extent of Prairie, so level that the dashing rains which wash, and keep constantly out of repair, roads in more hilly countries, have no effect on this great highway of nature, but to produce a little mud for a few hours, when the water disappears being absorbed by the peculiar soil on which it descends. This soil is of a sandy and loose texture, and very deep. covered at this season of the year with a beautiful coat of deep green, variegated with delicious flowers. Whatever emotions of the beautiful, the grand, the sublime, different persons may have on first viewing and travelling over those plains so properly denominated the "Eden of the West," one impression must press itself on every reflecting mind, viz: their vast agricultural resources; let them be but fully developed, and North America is second to no other country on the earth. She has amply sufficient for herself and a surplus for the world. We encamped this evening on Bull Creek, having travelled sixteen miles. We found but a meagre supply of water during the day; but had both wood and water here, as the creek is skirted slightly with woodland. In pitching our tents, but few of them were treenched, which was soon found to be an essential security against rain. During the first part of the night, the clouds poured down torrents of water, accompanied by the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar, leaving a number without any resort for beds but their wagons.

We were up early on the morning of the 2d, and prepared to move on; but unfortunately broke a wagon tongue while leaving camp, which detained us until near nine o'clock. Wm. Hays, one of our company had gone back on a dispatch, from Blue River to

Independence, three days before, for some articles, the company had neglected to secure, and not having yet overtaken us, two others were sent this morning to meet him. They met him a few miles back, and all overtook the train during the day. Our friend Hays had been overtaken by the storm during the night previous, and had spent it, with his horse on the open plain. We encamped in the evening at 4 o'clock, having travelled only eight miles since we started in the morning. The stream on which we encamped, afforded an abundance of water, and having some timber along its course, offers strong inducements to the emigrant to stop for the night at whatever hour in the day he may reach it. The Prairie near this stream assumes a bluff appearance, which viewed from a distance looks like small regular mountains. One to the right of the road near our camp, attracted particular attention, and a number of our company made the ascent to the summit, from which they obtained a grand view of the surrounding country. It is of a regular conical shape, rising gradually from the level of the plain, and terminating in a beautiful round vertex or top. Indications of stone coal were found about the banks of this stream, and a small vein of excellent coal had already been discovered.

MAY 3.—Were up and on march at an early hour, but a cold and incessant rain rendered it uncomfortable for the men and slippery and laborious for the oxen. We came to the Chawowow River in the forenoon, in the crossing of which we were detained several hours. The stream is something like our largest sized creeks in the States; but being considerably swollen from recent rains, was now very high and scarcely fordable at all. The banks were steep and abounding in the deepest mud, and the road extremely narrow. We were compelled to let our wagons down by a long cable, and double our teams in ascending the opposite bank. As the process of driving up proved much slower than the descent we soon formed a close train in the bottom, where we had to drive up the current for some distance before reaching the point from which the road left the river; and as the foremost teams were detained assisting the others up the bank, those immediately behind them, were obliged to stand in the water with their teams, until

those before them could advance out of their way. After several hours hard labor, we all got over this river, fed our oxen, and went three miles further where we encamped on a high limestone bluff, at the base of which we obtained tolerably good water, but no fuel except dry weeds and some other apologies for wood, sufficient to prepare a cup of coffee which we relished well; and to which we did ample justice after the exposure and fatigue of the day. It continued to rain for the most part during the night, and although the road is sandy and dry, it had now become quite muddy and heavy for the wagons. We had only come ten miles yesterday and wishing to make up our deficit to-day, we were on our journey earlier than usual, and traveled without interruption all day; but after passing through the descending rain we only made twelve miles towards the place of our destination. Encamped at 5 P. M., at a place of general stopping, where we found some scattering timber, and a good supply of water from a source apparently the head of a stream which bore off in a northwesterly direction, marked in its course by a beautiful woodland.

We had met some Indians on yesterday and this evening saw a number pass our camp of the Caw tribe as far as we could ascertain.

MAY 6.—Travelled eighteen miles to Wolf Creek, where we encamped until the 8th, the seventh being the Sabbath day. Its sacred associations are even here with us in the wilderness, and God forbid that we should ever desecrate it. This Creek has a beautiful range of woodland, a few rods wide, along its course, which was now in full bloom, and together with a number of bluffs and mounds around its banks, all dressed with the surrounding plain in nature's brightest, most enchanting colors, and washed by the recent rains, all combined, spread out before us a landscape, rarely excelled in grandeur; and the scene brightens, as the setting sun shed his last rays through broken clouds that floated slowly in the west, as if lingering to gild their borders in his golden beams. The full moon had just risen in the east, and poured a flood of silvery light upon the earth and sky, giving additional radiance to the scene, presenting even in the western wilds of America a twilight that would vie with an Italian eve.

MAY 8.—Proceeded to Kansas river, where finding several trains of wagons before us, waiting to cross, we encamped for the day.

Our company had organized for the purpose of emigrating together, and mining in California as a Joint Stock Co. But having become impressed with the conviction that small trains could travel much faster than large ones, and other circumstances being favorable to a dissolution, a meeting of the company was called, and a resolution adopted to dissolve into companies of tens, making an equitable division of the general stock on hands. We crossed the Kansas together on the 9th, and encamped three miles from the river, where we remained until the 12th, dividing our teams, wagons and provisions. Leaving our encampment on the afternoon of the 12th, we marched ten miles to a creek where we found considerable difficulty in crossing on account of a heavy rain that fell during the afternoon and made the banks of the creek, which are generally steep, very slippery and dangerous. Three of our number, Burgett, Anderson and myself had left the train for an Indian village some five miles from the main road, with a view to procure some articles of Merchandize to be found there. The village is constituted of a few Indian huts and log cabins, with two or three small stores, reasonable in their prices considering the difficulty and distance of transportation. We rode to the river, and Anderson and myself crossed, leaving our horses with Burgett. The fording was crowded with emigrants and we had to wait nearly an hour for an opportunity of getting a passage across. We had been informed that the village was only one-half mile from the river; but actually found it about two miles, and a bad road. Having had no dinner, and being wet from a rain that had fallen in a heavy shower, we began to feel the demands of appetite as night approached, and we had yet to cross the river, and travel on to camp. We were detained again in returning, and found it sundown when we got over. We found Burgett who had kept our horses, at his post though well drenched with rain, chilly and hungry, with ourselves. We moved briskly towards camp and got in about 10 o'clock at night.

MAY 13.—Rose early, and marched twelve miles to a small lake through which runs a beautiful creek of clear good water, where we encamped until the 15th, making some alteration in the arrangement of our loading, recruiting our oxen and preparing ourselves for the fatigues of the journey still before us. We were up by daylight on the morning of the 15th, being Monday, and ready for marching; but were detained an hour or two by a heavy thunder gust, after which we travelled eighteen miles, and encamped about 6 o'clock in the evening.

MAY 16.—Were on the road at 5 o'clock in the morning, and marched regularly all day; made twenty miles, and encamped within a mile of the Big Vermillion river, on the borders of a small stream, having crossed several small creeks during the day, the largest of which was the small Vermillion. We crossed the big Vermillion on the morning of the 17th, and travelled fifteen miles to big Blue River, by four o'clock in the afternoon. This river is generally fordable, except after heavy rains. There is no ferry, and all emigrants think themselves fortunate when it is fordable; when indeed it is practicable in any way to cross over its waters. We, by a kind providence, found it in a fordable condition; but could not have driven through it, had the water been a few inches higher. The water came up to some of our wagon beds, and had it been a little higher would no doubt have injured our provisions. We encamped immediately after crossing the river, and a small tributary running into it near the fording, where we had excellent grass wood and water; the three great essential elements of good camp ground. The water of this small river is clear and pleasant and abounding with fish of the best quality.

Having eighteen miles to make on our way, before reaching a good place for encampment, we were up by day-light and on the road which presented through the day a scene eliciting the astonishment of the most sanguine, on the subject of western emigration. For several hours an almost unbroken train of wagons were wending their way over the vast plains towards the far west. It resembled some grand procession, and was calculated to suggest grave reflections on the probable results of such a mighty impulse

of humanity toward these new and extreme borders of the American continent. Some out of such a large number may never reach the point of their destination, and the grave of an emigrant with an humble inscription on a board, rendered the conjecture to which we have referred, a positive certainty. He was interred near the road on a rising spot; his name was Benjamin Adams. Near the Blue River we passed the graves of two, under a large spreading oak, which had been barked, and their inscription cut on the tree; one was an old woman of seventy, SARAH KEYES, from Illinois, who had died the 29th of May, 1846, emigrating at that advanced age, and at so early a period of Western Emigration. The other's name was JOHN FULLER, who had been accidentally shot on the 29th of April, 1849. Society is so dear to man, that even to see the grave of a departed one in the wide, uninhabited plain or desert, suggests solitary feelings and instinctively excites that feeling so common to all, a desire to sleep with our Fathers.

Destiny in almost every shade must mark the history of such a vast multitude moving to a new far distant and in many respects destitute country. But our people are rightly characterized for enterprize, and despite of distance and danger, the most remote point in our country has only to develop its hidden resources, to secure a population. Encamped about five o'clock, near a pond of indifferent water, without any wood but a small stick from our wagons.

The next morning we rose and left before daylight. Travelled five miles to the head of a small putrid stream, where we took breakfast, and grazed our oxen a couple of hours; passed a creek of tolerable water, and encamped in the evening by a pond of stagnant water, that was our only supply except a little we had brought from a creek, which we had passed during the day. Passed the graves of two emigrants to-day, LONDON, from Ohio, and McCLELLAND, from Kentucky; the former had died of Typhoid Fever; the latter had been accidentally killed by his mule team taking fright and running off.

The surface of the country in the neighborhood of the big Blue River is considerably broken and hilly, but had now become

more level. The streams were now stagnant and scarce; but few of them indeed had any current whatever. And many of them were nothing more than marshy ponds which from appearances, dried up entirely in the summer season. Most of the emigrants had vessels to carry water; but we unfortunately had procured none, and now began to feel their want.

MAY 19.—Travelled five miles to little Sandy Creek, where we found a good encampment, and as it was now Saturday we concluded to remain here and rest on the holy Sabbath according to the commandment. The stream no doubt takes its name from the great amount of sand along the shore, which we found becoming common to all the streams we had crossed for some days. At the point where the road crossed this stream, we found considerable of a hill involving both sides of the Creek. The north-west side where we encamped, presented a beautiful scenery. The plain was variegated with hills and bluffs; a shade of timber marked the course of the creek running out on the side we occupied, much like an old orchard. We fancied that the trees were in rows; some certainly were. They were a species of oak, with low round spreading tops like the apple tree. At the bottom of the hill, we discovered a fine spring of water quite a luxury to the thirsty traveller, and in the Creek passing by, we caught some small fish which were excellent.

MONDAY, MAY 21.—Were on the road at sunrise. The weather was cool and fine for travelling, and having made twenty miles, we encamped within a few miles of the Tuckapaw River, on a branch of the same. Saw to-day, a number of Buffalo skulls and Elk horns along the road, facts rather agreeable and suggestive as indications of our approach to game. Already we had become very tired of salt meat and cheering indeed were now the prospects of a change. We had a full stock of provisions; but unfortunately not much variety, nor such as we knew now were best adapted to keep up our constitutional vigor with the elements of ordinary health. Our stock consisted mainly of crackers, mess pork, and some groceries; without ham, milk, dried meal, molasses, &c., that should always be included in a stock of provisions

for the route. A milk cow for ten men would be a great advantage, and attended with but little trouble.

May 22.—Were on march early, and travelled twenty miles up the Tuckapaw. The road was excellent, except a few places crossing and rounding some hollows or ravines, emptying into the stream. They were entirely dry, but as it is in oriental countries, they appeared to have been the channels of streams at a former period of time. The shades of evening now gather around us, and with not a discordant note to disturb the harmony of our intentions, we encamp for the night on the bank of the river, selecting an elevated and beautiful point, near which we discovered a fountain of the natural beverage so welcome to the thirsty and weary traveller.

After leaving camp in the morning we met Mr. Loft, one of our original company, on horseback, and was sorry to learn that Daniel O'Conner, another of our first company had accidentally shot himself on the day before, while unloading some things from a wagon. He was an Irishman about 40 years of age, leaving no family I believe, to mourn over his death. This solemn event forcibly impressed us all. Loft, our friend on horseback, with the conviction that he had already seen the elephant, set his face forthwith towards his home in the States.

May 23.—Left early and proceeded up the Tuckapaw twenty miles. We encamped in the evening close by the river, on the other side of which was a dense thicket of timber and bushes for some rods in extent. During the night while Mr. Hains, was on guard, and when but a few steps from the camp, he was alarmed by the crack of a rifle near at hand, and immediately informed those asleep, most of whom indeed had been awakened by the noise or report of the fire arms in question. After some lookout for the source of this alarm, we retired until the light of the morning might lead to some discovery. And now in the light of the morning sun, it is ascertained that a rifle ball had passed through the crown of the watchman's hat—scarcely missing his head.—We supposed it to have come from an Indian rifle across the river, from the thicket on the other side, and in the future were ever

careful to select encampments offering better security from random shots fired by the Indians.

May 24th.—After a few miles travel we left the bank of the stream on which we had been travelling for over fifty miles, and took a more westerly course towards Platte River. This river is twenty miles distant from the point where the road leaves the Tuckapaw, or Republican Fork. The day was cool and cloudy with intervals of sunshine, and towards evening indicated a general rain; the rain had already commenced in the evening when we encamped for the night, without any water but a small pond, and without any wood but staves, &c., from our wagons. Our coffee that night received no praise from any one of the company; whether its indifferent quality was attributable to the quality of the water, or the scarcity of wood or both together, was too abstract a question for the calm, dispassionate consideration of ten hungry, wet and tired men; and a gentle hint that the cook was in fault at once settled the question. Our cattle had been unyoked and turned on the Prairie to graze as usual. While the rain however, increased with a violent wind, they had wandered far over the plain, when the time arrived to bring them in and secure them for the night. This we did by tying them to the wagons. Scattered as they were far over the plain, we were successful in bringing them together and securing them for the night after which we retired to our tents where we had always heretofore enjoyed entire security from the heaviest rain that had fallen upon us; especially when we had adopted the process of trenching to carry away the water. But we now occupy an elevated spot, and the rain being accompanied by a hurricane of wind, we soon found our tent overflowing with water. We trenched it inside, which failing also, we were driven to our wagons for shelter. Those were so well filled up with other commodities, that we, well-soaked specimens of humanity, had but little room and poor accommodations.

May 25.—Weather very cold, and wind very strong. After last night's extremely severe storm, we travelled twelve miles to the Platte River and encamped.

CHAPTER III.

Journey along the Platte to the borders of the Sweetwater River.

May 26.—Having arrived at the Platte River, we proceeded along its banks in an upward direction for about ten miles, and encamped a little below Fort Kearney, where we improved an opportunity of writing to our friends. The Fort was but lately established; no buildings were yet up, but those built of sward taken from the surface of the Prairie. About one hundred soldiers were on the ground, and actual preparations were in a state of energetic prosecution for the erection of a garrison and other buildings necessary for the regular military fortification of the place. Here we found a small store, but as the demand for goods had been greater than the supply, the prices were very high, and even at the most exorbitant rates, the stock had been almost exhausted, being bought out by needy emigrants. To take the advantage of a fellow creature's necessity, is a development of human nature, found even here in the wilderness.

May 27.—Travelled 12 miles, and encamped in a small slough, or swell running into the Platte. We found indeed a number of such creeks emptying into the Platte, but all appear to dry up in the summer season, as their channels are generally grown up with grass. We had adopted a resolution and practically followed it heretofore, to lay up on the Sabbath, but a number of circumstances, induced us to regard it as justifiable to make a short march to-day.

May 28.—Rose early and travelled fifteen miles to the Platte River valley; one of the most beautiful in the world, extending on each side of the River for several miles in an unbroken plain, covered at this season of the year with a rich growth of Prairie grass; a slight bluff ridge rises some miles from the River beyond which, it again becomes level. The River is nearly as wide as the Mississippi, and would appear navigable from sight, but is quite shallow and has no regular channel, the bottom being sand principally, and the whole body of the River dotted with little Islands, furnishing nearly all the timber and bushes to be seen as we pass along its green and fertile banks. It has more the appearance

a grand canal passing through a level country, instead of being a River or what its name indicates. Its water is very muddy, and abounds with fish. Game is also very plenty in its vicinity, such as Deer, Antelope, &c., and traces of Buffalo have been recognized so as to render their proximity to our pathway beyond all reasonable doubt. Some of our company took a hunt today, but with no better success than to see a large number of Antelopes.

May 29.—Travelled twenty miles up the Platte. The road was good and the grass much better than where we first struck the River. We were in a large train all day, composed of various companies that had happened to come together, and having all encamped together, about 4 o'clock along the valley, the united trains presented more the appearance of a great army than a few lonely emigrants. There came up a severe thunder gust in the night, with a heavy rain which continued late the next morning, and rendered it difficult with our scant stock of fuel to prepare breakfast.

May 30.—Left camp late in consequence of bad weather.—Roads heavy all day;—wind very high and cold. Encamped early, having travelled about twelve miles.

May 31.—The weather cloudy and cold with a drizzling rain that continued most of the day. As our oxen were fatigued, and wet weather unfavorable at any time for driving, we lay up to-day making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances of discomfort in which we were placed. In the evening we readjusted our loads by sacrificing several barrels of crackers, and throwing away the barrels, together with all our boxes and chests that we could dispense with. This we found necessary, to reduce our loads, which were several hundred pounds too heavy for our teams, especially on a long journey. Others had learned the same lesson by a few week's experience, and numerous articles might be seen strewed along the road that had been thrown out to lighten wagons; in some cases even provisions were thrown away.

June 1.—Rose early and were pursuing the long but beautiful road up the Platte as soon as our train could be fairly set in motion. The inclement weather seemed to have passed away,

but the roads were heavy in consequence of the recent rains.—Travelled fifteen miles and encamped immediately on the bank of the river. The sun set clear, and the green valley washed by a beautiful river dotted with small Islands and shaded by a few scattering trees, along its shore presented a view so enchanting, so full of sublimity as fully to indemnify us for the fatigues of the day.

JUNE 2.—Were on the road early, the weather fine, and the roads much improved. And having travelled twenty miles, we encamped on Rapid Creek emptying into the river. Its head we ascertained was only a few miles up the river in a large slew, or pond. It was the only stream we had found emptying into the Platte thus far. It was a place of general camping. From our own camp we could see a number of others around, and as the moon shone on the vast green plain, the tents and herds spread out on its face reminded us of the ancient and patriarchal or pastoral life so beautifully described amid the recorded facts of Bible history.—

Early the next morning we were aroused at daylight by the report of Buffalo! Buffalo! that echoed from camp to camp. And soon the plain was covered with men in close pursuit of a small drove of Buffalo that had crossed the river in the night and had come among the encampments: A few were fortunate enough to be mounted on horses; a providential arrangement soon found to be necessary in a Buffalo chase. Most of us were new hands at the business; but succeeded admirably withal as five or six of the denizens of the plain were shot down, affording an ample supply for all the camps represented in the chase, and a surplus for others that passed during the day. We had been confined to salt meat for several weeks; and were prepared to do ample justice to a dish of steak—being unanimous in our verdict that the meat was excellent. We salted a small quantity for the future, not knowing how to jerk it as is usually done. Each one of our company had been ambitious of shooting the first Buffalo; an honor assigned to L. A. Ream who had captured and killed a choise member of the flock early in the morning.

JUNE 4.—Rose early, and pursued the road up the Platte till about noon, when we were under the necessity of crossing. With

some other trains we went below the usual fording and crossed. The river was wide, rapid and muddy, but fortunately for us was now in a fordable state. The south fork at the point where we forded it was nearly a mile wide, and looked somewhat dangerous but it is very shallow in proportion to the distance across it, and except when swollen from heavy rains, or melting snows at its head in the mountains, can be forded always with comparative safety. We doubled our teams in crossing; which made for them several trips across instead of one. However we all got over safely about 4 o'clock in the evening, and immediately went into camp, to avail ourselves of dry clothes, and fire to counteract the effects of the wet and cold. We had with us a small quantity of Brandy for medicinal purposes; and as such phraseology includes prevention as well as cure; we concluded that now was the proper occasion for its use, and accordingly our physician Dr. Marshall, prescribed in the case, and having prepared the medicine in his best professional style, administered it to us individually and collectively when around our camp fires for the night.

JUNE 5.—Left early and marched up the south fork for a few miles over a newly marked road, and then bore towards the north fork which we reached in a few miles, and kept on it during the day travelling about twenty miles. We had met some Indians before crossing, but found them quite numerous in the forks, and during the forenoon before leaving the south fork, passed an Indian village of over a hundred huts or tents made with tanned Buffalo skins sewed together, and supported by reeds or poles. They came out en masse to see us pass their town, and appeared pleased to see us. But before we had run the gauntlet of their scrutinizing and curious gaze, we judged their attentions to originate more in selfishness than benevolent sympathy. It was evidently more on account of our loaves and fishes than from any feelings of sympathetic friendship in our behalf. It was a heavy tax indeed which they were inclined to levy, in their numerous applications for food and other presents. We gave them a few articles which they seemed particularly to covet, effected some small trades and proceeded on our way without molestation. But,

the shades of the evening have come—and we encamp for the night.

JUNE 6.—Left early and proceeded up this branch of the river several miles, when we left the valley, ascended the bluff or second bank and travelled the remainder of the day on a high rolling plain, coming to the fork again in the evening through a deep ravine of a sandy and dry bottom. About noon a heavy thunder storm accompanied with hail, came up so suddenly that we had scarcely time to turn our cattle out on the prairie, and seek the protection of our wagons, our only shelter at such times, before the tornado spent its violence over and around us. The sun shone out in the evening, and the plain seemed to wear a deeper green from the refreshing influence of the recent rain. Encamped on the fork at five o'clock.

JUNE 7.—Left camp at 6 o'clock and travelled eighteen miles, still up the north fork of the river Platte. As the valley had become narrow in places we were obliged every few miles to ascend the bluff and travel on the high plain, which though rolling and sometimes hilly; was not so much so as to prevent us from driving safely and with tolerable speed. We had now travelled about a month with a company of ten men, or rather thirteen, as three others with a wagon had fallen in our train, and travelled with us, and three young gentlemen from the vicinity of Massillon, Ohio. As a guard at night is indispensable on the route, we began to find it a serious inconvenience to be called out on duty as often as our small number required. And accordingly we made application to a train of twenty wagons and sixty men, consisting of the company from Ashland, O., and a small company from Illinois, to travel and encamp with them, a proposition to which we met a prompt and cordial compliance and in accordance with this new arrangement, we all encamped together in the evening. It was an earlier hour than usual when we stopped, having come to an excellent spring of water at the base of the river bluff, around which were also a few scattering ash and cedar trees, apparently in their origin designed for ornament, but were now transferred to the opposite scale of utility in the way of replenishing our re-

duced stock of fuel. An encampment on this route affording good wood and water is emphatically an "Oasis," in the desert where the emigrant after having quenched his thirst for days or weeks on pond or river water, and carefully economizing his little supply of wood, he can now enjoy the luxury of water cold and fresh from the fountain, and hasten the preparation of his meal by a liberal supply of wood from the forest.

JUNE 8. Having stopped early the previous day we were prepared for an early start this morning. Rose at three o'clock, and left camp at five, ascended a steep Bluff, and travelled a few miles over a rolling plain; when we gradually wound into a deep ravine that soon gave unmistakable proof from the ash trees scattered along its course that we were in "Ash hollow," a point well known to all travelers on this road and marked on all its charts.

It is three or four miles in length, abounding with large and beautiful ash trees, together with some other varieties of timber and bushes. The wild rose and other flowers decorated the place with their gayest colors, and lent their sweetest perfume to the balmy gale. A crystal stream flowed from a deep recess at the base of the bluff that overlooked the green little vale below. We travelled leisurely through this attractive spot; and felt more pain than pleasure, when we emerged from its delightful shades and found ourselves again on the monotonous valley pursuing our course up the North Branch of the Platte. We found sandy roads a great part of the day, which rendered our progress onward, sometimes difficult in the extreme. Not being able to obtain grass for our cattle at the usual hour of encampment, it was late in the evening before we could make our arrangements for the desirable repose of the night.—

The next morning June 9th, being wet we remained in the camp until eight o'clock, found sandy and difficult roads part of the day, and were obliged to ascend the bluff several times which greatly impeded our progressive operations. Travelled fifteen miles and encamped at five o'clock in the evening.

June 10.—This is the holy sabbath, and in accordance with our custom we observe the day. We cease from our marching, and some of us I trust, as individuals, try to rest in the fear and worship of

the Lord. And although cut off from the house of God, and deprived of many precious privileges enjoyed at home, yet some of us fully appreciated and enjoyed this sabbath in the wilderness.—

June 11th. Rose at three o'clock, and were on march soon after sun rise. A heavy rain had fallen the previous night which rendered the roads heavy and difficult to travel during the day. Made sixteen miles and encamped opposite Court House Rock, which had been visible for hours, and furnished an object of curiosity for all. We thought it only two or three miles off, and calculated to visit it after supper; when one of our men came in on horseback and informed us they had been two hours traveling from the Rock to our Camp; our purpose was of course abandoned. It is so called from its resemblance at a distance, to a large Court House. It is 250 feet high; and when approached presents a rough, high mass, of a species of limestone and sand.

June 12th. Left camp at five o'clock; travelled fifteen miles—encamping opposite Chimney Rock, which was in view from the previous day. It rises in a regular conical form, being about 300 yards in circumference at its base, and about 200 feet high; running gradually to a point on the top till within 40 or 50 feet of the pinnacle, when a round column of stone some 80 or 100 feet in diameter, of a soft texture apparently part lime, and part sand; stands perpendicular on the top. Supposing it only a small walk a number hastened off to visit it, and a cedar hollow near it while supper was being prepared, but like all other objects viewed at a distance on the plain, it proved much farther than we had anticipated.

A heavy rain had fallen during the evening which rendered it difficult to ascend, besides having eaten nothing since early in the morning, except lunch at noon, I contented myself with a view of it merely, not feeling the promptings of ambition sufficiently powerful under the circumstances to climb the rugged slippery steeps of this Rock and to engrave my name on its face, as hundreds had done before. A few drenching rains totally obliterate the engraving. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" "So fades the glory of the world." How many votaries of Ambition in the history of time have sacrificed health, principle, friends, and even life itself, to

make their mark on this rock of fame. But how soon does the mark disappear amid the oblivious sands of this fleeting existence.

June 13th. Rose at three, and were on the march at five o'clock left the Platte fork in the forenoon, and bore westerly through a beautiful valley of a few miles in width, bordered with high, rugged bluffs; which were adorned with scattering and beautiful Cedar trees. Having found no water at our usual hour for encampment we were under the necessity of driving till six o'clock P. M., when we found a scant supply, and turned in for the night after a days journey of 22 miles.

June 14th. We were on march early; crossed a deep ravine in the forenoon with a small stream of water in it's bed, which came from a pure spring half a mile above, around which was a dense thicket of bushes, vines, cedars and other shrubbery, with all the beauty of natural deformity, and with all the order of natural confusion.

The imagination of the traveler can detect in the very deformities of nature many elements of beauty; and in the wild disorder of hill and forest, and the sandy plain the established order of natures great Architect; the Lord Jehovah himself.

But my thirst clips the wings of my imagination; and now for the fountain of water at the head of this ravine. We ascended its bank weary to the spring before crossing the ravine; and this afforded an excellent opportunity to replenish our water canteens, which had been empty for some time. Crossed Horse Shoe creek in the afternoon, and encamped a few miles beyond it. Here we found a well affording good water for our own use, and a pond of water for our cattle.

Water can be had by digging from 5 to 8 feet, almost any place in the valley of the Platte, although the surface of the soil is dry and sandy, and very unpromising in reference to this great element of life. As a number of wells had been dug by those in advance of us, we availed ourselves of their use—finding them a great convenience—a happy providential arrangement in our behalf.

JUNE, 15.—Left camp at 6 o'clock, and proceeded up the valley in which we travelled yesterday, for several miles, when we again struck the fork of the Platte. Passed a train of wagons belonging

to the United States, with an escort of soldiers going to Ft. Larimie, with provisions for that important establishment. We encamped in the same neighborhood for the night, having travelled, perhaps, more than 20 miles.

JUNE 16.—Left camp at our usual time, and proceeded about 12 miles to Ft. Larimie branch, a narrow deep rapid stream, that proved more difficult to cross than the South fork itself. In fording this stream, we were subjected to the same difficulty experienced on the part of others before us. We were obliged to raise our wagon beds with blocks, so inserted as to give them the proper elevation, from being carried away by the water. We got over safely, except one wagon containing crackers, that got slightly damaged by coming in contact with the water, or rather by being immersed in it. Ft. Lorimie is situated on this stream—a branch emptying into the North fork of the Platte. It is handsomely situated in a circular valley—surrounded at some distance by a regular circular bluff, with the stream we crossed, passing close by its east side, and furnishing an abundant supply of water.

It is 60 or 70 feet square, with a wall 10 feet high, and nearly as broad, composed of prairie sward, which here contains a large quantity of sand, and appears to have become hard and durable. There are numerous rooms neatly fitted up for the officers and soldiers, and from a point in the wall, our national flag waves high, inspiring the weary emigrant with new emotions of patriotic regard for the land of his birth; a country that even in these western wildes, has planted her colors, and made provision for the security of her citizens. We look at this banner floating above us—the generous eagle points to the pathway of Republican Empire, and the propitious stars shoot a gladdening ray.

"Star spangled Banner, long may it wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

We halted an hour at the fort, examining its various apartments, and indulging in the strange curiosity of gazing upon a habitation involving the signs and some of the things signified, pertaining to man's civilized state. But at the same time this Fort with its munitions of war, involves a fact not very compli-

mentary to our civilization, that the rights of the poor Indian have been so invaded, and his combative passions so aroused in consequence of the encroachment, as to create a necessity for this defensive establishment on the great highway to the Pacific shores. This indeed was the only abode, reminding us of a comfortable home in the States, the only one that we had seen for weeks.—Hence we proceeded up the Larimie branch a mile or two, and ascended a high bluff, bearing South West for 6 or 7 miles where we encamped one mile from water, and very inferior grain for our poor cattle.

JUNE 17.—The Lords day is again with us. It is one of our rules not to desecrate it. We wish to do as the Israelites did in the wilderness of Sinai, to keep the Sabbath as a day, holy unto the Lord. But having no miraculous provision for ourselves and our oxen, it becomes a matter of necessity and mercy now, to move a little in advance, on the morning of this sacred day. Marched 6 miles over hilly, dry and sandy roads, when we reached a large spring some few rods north east of our road, where we stopped a couple of hours, watering our cattle and replenishing our exhausted water vessels. The water was clear and sweet but remarkably warm. A large circle however was formed around it drinking copiously of its waters. But with plenty of water now, what will we do with our starving cattle? We look around and see no grass; the poor animals have nothing to eat. Pressed by the necessity of the case, we advanced 5 miles further; passing up a deep ravine, and ascending a steep hill on to a high and rolling plain, from which the surrounding bluffs and hills presented a more high and rugged, and irregular appearance than usual; evidently indicating our approach to the black hills or suburbs of the Rocky mountains. Found tolerable forage about three o'clock, where we encamped, without any water, except that brought with us in our kegs and canteens, and other vessels with the proper qualifications for transporting this precious liquor of God's creation.

JUNE 18.—Rose at three o'clock, and travelled six miles to Heber Spring, before breakfasting, where we found abundance of wood, and a noble spring of clear cold water. It might almost be

called a little lake—being several rods in circumference and from 5 to 6 feet deep. We pitched our tents here for the day as other emigrant trains are accustomed to do, with a view to recruit their animals, and enjoy the luxury of the spring, and the shade of the surrounding trees.

JUNE 19.—Left camp at 5 o'clock, and marched 15 miles, over a rough hilly road. Finding scarcely sufficient water for our cattle, at a small spring about noon. Encamped on Horse Shoe creek in the evening, where we had an excellent spring. On the morning of the 20th, we were on the march at an early hour, and after having travelled 18 miles of a road, if possible, more rough and difficult for our teams than that of the previous day; we encamped on the Levant, a large creek of clear good water, with abundance of wood along its shore, but the provender for our cattle very inferior indeed.

JUNE 21.—Started early and made our usual days journey of 16 a 18 miles, over roads, bad no doubt, from their earliest origin, and by no means improved by the lapse of time or the current of emigration. The day was extremely warm, and the cattle as well as ourselves, were overcome with weariness, and with an evident tendency of exhaustion, when we encamped.

JUNE 22.—Rose at 2 o'clock and travelled 8 miles to a place where we had wood water and tolerable grass. Here we laid up till the afternoon, when we left for Deer creek, a branch of the North fork of the Platte, which we again struck in the afternoon, after 80 miles travel over exceedingly bad roads, being hilly, rough and sandy, and dusty in the extreme; and this scarcely without an exception, since we lost sight of the Platte river, and grass very scarce, and water only in the neighborhood of the creeks, which we found to be 12 or 20 miles apart. But while we had for a short time lost sight of this river, taking a shorter course through the hills, we were still ascending the stream itself. We are still on our journey up the Platte river, on to the Sweetwater.

JUNE 23.—Remained in camp to-day, enjoying the luxuriant shade, afforded by the beautiful grove of poplar, along the banks of the creek. This creek abounds in excellent fish, and with the

prerogative extended in the covenant of old, we appropriated an adequate supply of these inhabitants of the water, to supply our immediate wants. On the next morning we went up this fork of the Platte two miles, to the point where we had made arrangements to cross. This branch of the Platte is narrower and deeper than the South fork. It runs with great rapidity, and is from 4 and 5 to 10 feet in depth. The mormons have established a ferry a few miles above deer creek. But we bought a boat constructed of several canoes, lashed and pinned together. With some plauk laid upon them, a wagon with a light load, could be taken over by this boat. It had been built by some of the first emigrants, sold to others and then again sold to others with no diminution of the original price, till it came into our hands. We paid \$40 for it, and when done with it, sold it immediately for the same. This was a fine stroke of economy, as the Mormons charged three dollars per wagon for their services. What may ultimately become of that boat, I know not, but whatever may be its future destiny, it has been useful in its day and generation, an affirmation that cannot be made of all the rational beings that passed over this river in this frail canoe vessel.

We put over a few wagons on the evening of the 24th, and had all taken over and marched a few miles on the 25th. But while our teams were all taken over in safety, we met, nevertheless, with a calamity on the morning of this 25th of June, which cast over us a deep gloom, and touched the most sensitive chord of our nature—Daniel Burgett, one of our company from Stark county Ohio, while attempting to swim his horse across, by some means got disengaged from the animal, and in attempting to swim to shore, was swept down the rapid current and sank to rise no more. He was a young man of superior intelligence and integrity; much esteemed by the company, and deeply regretted by all. During the day, we made diligent search for the body, but in vain.—The current is deep and swift and the bottom a bed of sand. The body was therefore, liable to be carried rapidly down the stream, or soon to be buried in the sand. Informed as we were, that several had been drowned at this very point, and none found after the

most long continued search. We abandoned the search reluctantly; a search that would not have been relinquished for days, had there been any reasonable hope of success. We left the place with heavy hearts, our evening meal was taken in silence, and a sadness marked our little circle as we sat around our camp fire, like that of a family which had lost a beloved member.

JUNE 26.—Travelled 20 miles up the North fork, and on the morning of the 27th, left camp early and marched 35 miles over a barren country and sandy road. After going 10 or 15 miles, we left the North fork, and found no water till late in the evening, but that which was so strongly tinctured with alkali as to be dangerous even for cattle. And the demonstration of this fact we we had in the number of dead cattle strewed along our road.—Encamped at Willow Springs, which are cold and agreeable, but highly charged with sulphur. As the most of the trains in advance of us had been accustomed to make this a camping place, no grass was left for our cattle. And by daylight on the morning of the 28th, we left this Willow Spring encampment, and having proceeded 7 or 8 miles, we rested several hours to graze our cattle, and to refresh ourselves with as good a breakfast as we could procure, or scare up under the circumstances. Afterwards travelled on till late in the evening, making twenty miles. Were obliged to go two or three miles off the road for grass. One of our men, (Haines,) happened to sit down and fall asleep as we were leaving the road; when he awoke, he supposed we were still on the road in advance of him, and made rapid steps to reach his friends on the wrong track. We were anxious about his destiny during the night; but our apprehensions proved unfounded. The man was safe. The wings of a particular providence had been over him, and we found him safe the next morning, in an advanced train.

CHAPTER IV.

Journey from the Sweetwater, by the way of fort Bridger, to Salt Lake City.

JUNE 29.—After travelling 12 miles, we struck the Sweetwater River—a small but handsome stream. Passed Independence Rock, which stands near both the river and the road. It

stands out in the bottom of the valley—detached from the point of the mountain near; it is a huge mass of granite rock—rather regular in its general outlines, and rounding on the top. Its base covers several acres, and it is said to be 250 feet high. Hundreds have engraven their names in the most prominent places.—Some are cut in the Rock—while others, less ambitious, or less willing to take the trouble, have contented themselves with merely writing in characters formed by the use of tar, or some corresponding material, that only makes a transitory impression.

We passed up Sweetwater 8 miles, and encamped near a deep cut through a mountain called the "Devil's Gate." The river appears to have run round the mountain point formerly, and found its way here through a large crevice, which has gradually crumbled down and washed away until the cut is clear to the top of the mountain. It is three or four hundred feet deep, and nearly perpendicular. The river dashes through like a cataract over the rocks that have fallen in its channel. A person can get through along the shore, but with considerable difficulty as well as danger. And here I can give the testimony of my own experience, that whoever undergoes the fatigue of walking through that cut once, will feel but little curiosity to pass through again.

JUNE 30th.—Travelled up Sweetwater 20 miles, and encamped till July 2nd. The 1st was the Sabbath. Welcome, even here in the wilderness; "welcome sweet day of rest that saw the Lord arise." We laid by on this sacred day. We had water from the river and tolerable grass; our only resort for fuel being the "Wild Sage" or "Artemesia," as it is scientifically or technically called. Four of the train with which we travelled left on horseback this morning to go on in advance of the train, and make arrangements as far as possible for quarters immediately on its arrival. The men were Patterson, White, Luther and Woods. Travelled 20 miles over roads generally level—but very sandy and dusty, rendering it exceedingly disagreeable to those driving the teams.—Crossed the river three times, within a few hours of the afternoon. The scenery often blended the wild, the beautiful and sublime; the mountain tops on opposite sides of the stream sometimes ap-

pearing to join together as though identified in fond embrace.—Encamped a short distance from the river, in a beautiful high valley. We appeared surrounded by mountains as a wall; and from their summit we could distinctly see the snow, where it had drifted in deep ravines and crevices, and hollows, formed by the rocks in their wild and careless order.

JULY 3d.—Our cattle being very much fatigued, we concluded this morning to lay up, and re-arrange our goods, &c.—dispensing with every thing that we possibly could to lighten our wagons for the oxen. To effect this object, we divided our stock into three shares or messes, or rather into individual shares, and afterwards formed three messes. Rudy and Ream formed one mess, McConnel and myself another, and our remaining companion the third mess in question. I had bought out Dr. Marshall's interest; and now, as they sometimes throw goods overboard into the Ocean to save the vessel, we were compelled to make a similar sacrifice. Whatever may be our future necessities—we now throw away bread and pork—and various other articles that must be sacrificed in order to advance at all. Having completed our new arrangement, we drove five miles in the evening.

JULY 4th.—We had intended for weeks to stop and celebrate the day; but some having gone on in advance, the first of the month, and we being compelled to stop the day before, were several miles behind our train, without any certainty that they would stop for the desired celebration. We started early hoping to find them in a few hours, but travelled hard till in the afternoon, some 3 or 4 o'clock, when we came up to a train from Springfield, Illinois, with some of our original company. They were just closing the exercises of the celebration, and we despairing of a patriotic manifestation with our own train, resolved to join our Illinois friends in their celebration—sharing in the sequel of their performances an excellent dish of wild ducks.

JULY 5th.—Left the camp at 5 o'clock in the morning, and reached Willow Creek before our evening encampment—having travelled 18 miles over rough roads. One of our teams, belonging to Ream and Rudy, went on a few miles further with the view

of overtaking the train. We encamped on the bank of the creek, turned our cattle out in the bottom, and after a cup of tea and some crackers, retired for the night, without either a guard or tying our cattle,—quite a risk indeed, and contrary to an invariable rule. A kind providence, however, watched over us and preserved us in safety. We slept undisturbed, and found our cattle together in the morning.

JULY 6th.—Were on the road early, and reached the Summit Springs, at the western end of the South Pass, making 18 miles.—The roads to-day were much better than we anticipated; being tolerably level with gradual ascents and descents. The pass presents the appearance of a high rolling plain or prairie, from 20 to 50 miles in width, walled on each side by high and broken mountain cliffs, covered with snow, which seemed to be yielding gradually to the heat of the Sun on the south side, and the swollen and muddy developments of the streams indicated a supply of water from that source—no rain of any account having fallen since we left the Platte River, below Fort Larimie. And since we left that place nearly a month has elapsed. Now, in reference to these mountain snows, what a source of supply they must be during the dry season, in the absence of the refreshing rains of Heaven.—Truly the provisions of nature are mysterious; but they are infinitely bountiful and wise. The laws of nature are the laws of God.

JULY 7th.—Left camp at 3 o'clock, intending to travel a few miles before breakfast, as we had to travel 22 miles before reaching a good camping place for the night; but took no water with us, and found none for nine miles. A small stream, called Dry Sandy, crossed the road; but we unfortunately found it so brackish and bitter that we could not use it. We drove over it a mile or two and rested our cattle a couple of hours, taking both a cold and dry check for breakfast, after which we resumed our march. The wind blew extremely high, and coming from the west against us, and the road being very deep with dust and sand, it was difficult to proceed at all; but stern necessity compelled us, and we proceeded through to Little Sandy, where we arrived about 3 o'clock, and

encamped. We hastened to prepare a meal which we hesitated to call breakfast, dinner or supper, as it combined all three for that day. Here we found but little grass, but abundance of wood and water. The Wild Sage is the only substitute for wood from Platte River, and reference is always made to it when wood is mentioned on this point of the route. It grows to nearly the size of the Laurel, and in such abundance that it forms, to a great extent, the staple native production from Fort Larimie. The old dry stalks make a bright blazing fire, but soon burns up and is exhausted by the fury of its flames.

JULY 8th.—The holy Sabbath has again returned, and we welcomed it not only as a day of rest—but of religious reflection, and solemn devotional contemplation of the time, when our journey of life must end after its toils and trials, with the hope of spending our everlasting Sabbath in the “building not made with hands.” In the evening, we drove down the Creek a few miles, where we found good grass for our cattle.

JULY 9.—Made an early start; crossed Big Sandy, after travelling ten miles, where we grazed and took dinner; afterwards proceeding with our teams till 4 o'clock; when the wind blew so strong, and the dust became so annoying, that we stopped a couple of hours, prepared supper, and again resumed the road at 6 o'clock, travelling on till about 9 o'clock. We concluded now to encamp, and took our position on a high bluff, in view of the Big Sandy, south east of the road, where we took our cattle to water at night and in the morning, nearly two miles distant.

JULY 10.—Were on the road early—crossed a small stream during the day, and reached Green river by 4 o'clock, eighteen miles, comprehending the distance of our locomotion during the day. We found the river too high to ford, and crossed in a boat. We found two ferries at this crossing. The one on which we crossed had been established a short time previous, in opposition to the other established by the mormons, and had reduced the ferriage from \$5 to \$3 per wagon, which we paid, with the conviction that while competition is the life of trade, it does not always make bills within the bounds of reason. We got our wag-

ons over before night, and attempted to swim our cattle, but after three unsuccessful efforts, left them till morning, when we took them higher up the river, and finally succeeded in getting them over.

JULY 11.—Being detained an hour longer than usual, did not get off before six o'clock, but made a hard days drive. Went ten miles down the river, then leaving it fifteen miles, to Hamsfork, making twenty five miles. And on the next morning, July 12th, left at 5 o'clock, our usual time; and having travelled eighteen miles, encamped on Black fork, where we drove our cattle over the stream and found good grass.

JULY 12.—Reached Ft. Bridger, eighteen miles from last encampment. We encamped below the fort, where driving our cattle across the stream we found excellent grass.

JULY 14.—Having driven one hundred miles already this week, which was considered a good weeks work for ox teams, we concluded to lay up this and the following day, an allotment of time, including the holy sabbath. We accordingly drove a short distance along the Fort, and selected a camp ground, affording wood, water and grass, and enjoyed that luxury which the weary traveler on this route can only appreciate properly—the luxury of rest.

On yesterday and to-day, we had a slight sprinkle of rain from clouds both south and east of us—which is all we have had for a month. The road being sandy, had become deep with dry, fine dust, that almost covered the teams and concealed them from our view, as they advanced over it—disagreeable and injurious in the extreme both to the drivers and animals. With this exception, we found the road thus far on the mountains much better than we anticipated, being often level for miles and a gradual ascent and descent over bluffs that here and there marked the valley; a valley indeed which was rather a high rolling plain over which we crossed and which stretched out from 40 to 50 miles, extending to the base of the mountains. These mountains appeared to rise several hundred feet higher, and were covered with snow appearing to melt but slowly, and we judged might remain on the highest peaks during the entire year. Although the sun is warm, and

sometimes almost scorching on the Dry Sandy Plain; yet the cool refreshing breeze from the mountains counteracts it to a great extent and renders the weather comfortable during the day, but cool at night.

JULY 16th.—Rose by daylight, and were on the road soon after Sun up, leaving the Fork to the left we bore to the right over a wide bluff. We crossed a small stream of cold water, and came into a rolling plain covered with good grass. Then we descended a steep hill into a beautiful bottom, watered by a stream of cold water, at the edge of which, near the road, was a small grove of beautiful tall Willow trees—where we grazed our cattle and refreshed ourselves with the best dinner we could procure. After this little interval of our travelling labors, we ascended a high ridge and passed over several miles of rough roads. Encamped at 5 o'clock on the ridge near the point of a mountain around which the road bears to the right or West. Went a mile down into a ravine for water;—found abundance to water our cattle as well as for domestic use. But we were disappointed with regard to our abundant supply of water when we ascertained its quality. It was not good water—too strongly impregnated with alkali for man or beast. But under present circumstances, “beggars were not to be choosers.” Here was the alternative, bad water or none. While eating our evening meal, three Indians galloped into the camp; and, after their usual savage efforts at the ceremony of civilized salutation, manifested the selfishness of their benevolent regards by emphatic indications that they wanted something to eat. This appeal to our generosity both flattered and softened us,—and handing over to the poor savages some meat and a few crackers, we realized the truth of the inspired announcement that it is more “blessed to give than to receive.” These Indians belonged to the Snake Tribe.

JULY 17th.—Left early, and travelled 25 miles. The roads were rough and hilly in the forenoon, but smoother in the after part of the day, running down a narrow valley for several miles.—Encamped near an excellent spring of cold water, a few rods to the left of the road. Being overcome with thirst, we drank al-

most intemperately; had excellent grass, but no wood. After being in camp a short time, several Indians came in with large loads of Wild Sage for wood. Poor fellows!—they were hungry,—and with some element of an independent spirit—and with some rude indefinite conceptions of political economy in reference to demand and supply—and with some feint views of justice in rendering an equivalent for what they received—they brought us what we needed to cook our evening meal; and, giving them in return something of which to make a supper themselves, they departed to their own camp well pleased with their operation in trade. We learned that these peaceable Indians were accustomed to this kind of trade with the emigrants as they passed along.—Simple hearted children of nature!—sons of the forest!—you never read the divine injunction, “labor not for the meat that perisheth”—nor the effusion of a human poet:—

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Still your lives are certainly more in accordance with such principles of common sense than the lives of those civilized and nominally christian slaves to avarice, ambition, and fashion with which the world abounds.

JULY 18th.—We were on our road at the usual hour; had rough roads most of the day, but made 20 miles, reaching the Weaver River, where we found a good camping ground. This river is small, but rapid, and some what difficult to ford with teams.—And on the 19th we marched about the same distance of the previous day over the hardest kind of roads. Crossed several streams, and some of them a number of times; encamped on Kenyon Creek, by a spring at the road side to the right. During the past few days, we have passed numerous springs of water issuing from the mountain side, which are the most welcome way-marks to the weary traveller.

JULY 20th.—Proceeded a few miles down Kenyon Creek—crossing it in the mean time more than a dozen of times, and in some places with considerable difficulty encountered in the crossing. Having left the Creek, we ascended a narrow ravine three

miles, where we entered upon the ascent of the highest mountain that had, so far, risen in our pathway. The ascent was very steep, and tedious; and the descent difficult and precipitous sometimes to a dangerous extreme. The road had worn into a deep gutter, running down into a timbered ravine. The timber had been cut away, but the stumps still remained. These were large stumps; they were numerous and not far between, rendering it almost impossible to wind through them. There had been no rain of any account for weeks, and the dust was very deep and annoying. Drove a few miles after reaching the valley, which was narrow and rough; and encamped on Brown Creek, having travelled fifteen miles and now within fourteen of the Mormon City, in the valley of Salt Lake, the Southern part of which we had got a glimpse of to-day from the mountain.

JULY 21.—Drove to the city and encamped on its Western suburb. The road continued very rough on to its very entrance into the valley, where it again became smooth and level. Except the distant view of a small portion of this valley, obtained from the mountain referred to on the 20th, it is entirely excluded from view until emerging from the deep ravine through which the road leads into it, when it opens its beauty and attractiveness all at once to the eye:—a vast level plain surrounded by snow-capped mountains; but enjoying a fine temperature and teeming with vegetation—the great Salt Lake lying in view to the West and South of it. The Mormons emigrated to this valley in 1847, and now have hundreds of acres under cultivation and a city built covering an area of many acres, and containing a population of 5,000, which, we believe, is unparalleled in history. Several streams of pure cold water, from the mountain, run through the valley, affording an abundance of water. And a number of the smaller streams they have carried around and through the city by artificial channels to irrigate their gardens and furnish water for domestic use. The valley is forty miles wide, and something more in length. The Lake is 240 miles long, and of unequal width, averaging, perhaps, 40 or 50. It contains a number of Islands, on some of which large mountains rise, never yet completely ex-

plored, according to the declarations of some travellers. The soil is good. The higher portions of the valley require irrigation to produce the most luxuriant harvests of grain, and scarcity of timber is the only important want in the general resources and facilities for improvement and comfort. They get timber in the mountains, 15 or 20 miles off, for building and other purposes. Stone coal has been discovered and procured 70 miles distant from the city; but, from indications founded on scientific research, they expect to have it more convenient of access for all their citizens.

JULY 22.—Being Sabbath, I prepared to attend church at the Mormon Temple, which, as yet, is but a large shed—a kind of foreshadowing of what their temple will be which they design to erect. We were so unfortunate, however, as to loose our cattle in the tall grass rushes, which cost us a half days excursion to bring them together. Attended church in the afternoon, and felt no ordinary pleasure in meeting with a civilized assembly for religious worship in the far Western wilds, especially after months without enjoying that privilege. But alas! to express my conviction fully in a few words, the whole exercises seemed a burlesque on preaching and religious worship in general. What delusion! what foolery! what a blending of the world the flesh and the devil with external demonstrations of devotion and reverence for the authority of Heaven!

JULY 23d.—Wishing to recruit our cattle a few days before resuming our journey, and the Mormon anniversary of their landing in the valley coming off on the 24th, we concluded to remain in our present camp for a few days, and enjoy the luxuries of the occasion as well as the advantage of gaining information from them respecting our future journey and prospects, as a number of them had been at the California mines.

JULY 24th.—Attended the exercises at the Mormon Temple, which consisted mostly of speeches and music, after which we sat down to a sumptuous dinner with about 5000 of their own number besides a number of strangers, all of whom were invited to partake. The scene was magnificent, in the Rocky mountains, 1000 miles from the borders of civilization, where, but a few

years ago, the barbarious Indian reared his smoky wig-wam, and ate his buffalo lunch by a blazing fire in its centre, and whose war-whoops still echo back from the mountain tops as he retires from the appearance of civilization, now appear cultivated fields, a ripening harvest and a large and growing city—the citizens of which have met to-day to commemorate their arrival here only two years ago. The temple or large shed was the main dining-room, but, being open at the sides, a covering of boards and canvass was extended from each, until an area of nearly an acre was protected from the Sun, and thrown into a most delightful shade and ample room for all to sit down at once. The company formed a procession by wards and marched in, taking their seats at the tables in regular order, and all passed off in good style, and we unanimously agreed, in good taste.

CHAPTER V.

Journey from Salt Lake City to Pleasant Valley, on the borders of the gold mines.

JULY 25.—Drove up the valley 14 miles, and encamped near several settlements of Mormons; had a good camp, and procured milk, butter and cheese from the Mormon settlers, at reasonable rates. About three miles from the city, the road passes the boiling springs, and still nearer the city, are the warm sulphur springs, both coming out of the base of the mountain, and from large streams that cross the valley, and empty into the lake. We had visited the latter several times to bathe, while lying by the city. They are about eighty degrees *fahrenheit*, highly impregnated with sulphur, but very clear and transparent. They have a beautiful bed of white gravel; and visitors as yet, bathe at the fountain head, where it is several feet wide and two or three in depth. An extensive bath house is going up this summer, in the border of the city where they intend conveying the water by pipes, and to have prepared both founts and shower baths. The temperature at the boiling springs is 130 deg. *fahrenheit*. As this is rather too hot for bathing purposes, but little use has heretofore been made of these hot springs. The whole mountain side and part of the valley adjacent, exhibits evident indications of volcan-

ic action, at some former period. And the high temperature of the springs, indicates the belief, that they must now have some connection with the phenomena of nature, involving the eternal fires of the earth.

JULY 26.—Travelled fifteen miles; encamped early on a small creek, running from the mountain to the lake. A very old Indian whom we had seen by the road at the crossing, came into camp towards night. A small piece of buffalo skin was his entire dress, with a pair of old moccasins. We gave the old man some victuals with which he seemed well pleased; eating part of his provision, greedily, and carefully wrapping the rest in a corner of his buffalo skin. He appeared very talkative and anxious to converse, but we could only gather a scattering idea of his discourse, and that more from his gestures than his words. How he had become detached from his tribe or band, and left in such a helpless condition, we could not ascertain.

JULY 27.—Travelled twelve miles to Capt. Brown's settlement, the last in the valley. The day was very warm, and though we made but a small march, yet the road being over a dry sandy plain, and near the base of the mountain, where we received the reflection of the heat in addition to its direct rays, we were quite exhausted on reaching camp about 10 o'clock, where we had a favorable place for our teams and also for ourselves.

JULY 29—Exchanged most of our cattle for fresh ones, giving two yoke for one, or a handsome boot in a direct exchange; drove fifteen miles and encamped by an excellent spring at the base of the mountain, along the stream of which was excellent grass.

JULY 29.—Sabbath, remained in camp enjoying the luxury of a pure cold fountain of water just at hand, which at this season and in this hot and sandy valley, affords the greatest luxury on the route. We found nothing wanting to the sabbath's rest, but the privileges of the sanctuary, for which we substituted the reading of the bible, and other appropriate books, and exercises of private devotion.

JULY 30.—I started after breakfast, in company with another, to ascend a mountain, at the base of which we were encamped;

but after walking two or three hours, returned, the day growing warm, and finding the ascent slow and difficult, we thought the point we had reached was half way to the summit, but on viewing it from the valley, was disappointed, and somewhat amused to find that we had not been one fourth of the way up. In our short march to-day, crossed several streams of excellent water, cold and pure, heading in the mountain gorges, and running into the lake. Encamped in the evening on a small stream of good water.

JULY 31.—We travelled nineteen miles, crossing Bear river, and Muddy creek. We were obliged to ferry the river, being several rods wide and five or six feet deep. And here we had an example of extortion, man's inhumanity to man, even in taking advantage of his necessity in a pecuniary way. We were compelled from the necessity of the case, to pay a most exorbitant price for a ferriage privilege over this narrow stream. Encamped at a spring high on the mountain bluff to the right of the road.

AUG. 1.—We had some difficulty in finding our cattle in the morning, and having understood that the Indians were troublesome in the vicinity, were apprehensive that they had driven them off in the night. But we found them all in an hour or two, and were soon on march. We passed a hot spring in two miles, and reached the large hot spring about 1 o'clock, 16 miles from our last encampment. The day being excessively warm and the road very dusty, we were exhausted and thirsty on reaching these springs, and seeing the springs pouring out their clear and apparently pure waters, hastened to drink of the same, when we found the water both warm and brackish. We found some however, of a temperature sufficiently cool to drink in small quantities, and at the same time a sufficient quantity of water for our cattle. Now we must either camp here for the night, or go twelve miles farther; and after resting awhile we decided on the latter; resuming our dry and dusty march. Having reached water about 9 o'clock at night, a tolerable spring up a ravine to the right of the road, we found a number encamped here, and were obliged to stop nearly a mile from the spring to secure anything of a good camp ground. We prepared a hasty supper and were soon enjoying that luxury which

is always sweetened by toil, "sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

AUG. 2.—Travelled twelve miles, crossing a deep creek; a handsome and rapid little stream, and encamped early by a smaller stream affording good water and plenty of pasture along its banks. The wild sage again becomes very plenty here, and furnishes abundance of fuel. This artemesia or wild sage, with all vegetation except along the water courses, has become dried up for the want of rain, and great care is necessary to prevent campfires from breaking out and running over the whole country. Extensive districts are burnt over, along the road already; and it is feared by some that the little pasture remaining from the drouth, may be so destroyed with the burning of the grass, that it will be difficult to find forage enough for the teams on the road, involving the entire route yet to be traversed.

AUG. 3.—Travelled twenty miles across a level plain or valley, covered almost throughout its whole extent with wild sage. We passed a tolerable spring at noon, which was all the water we had during the day. In the evening we encamped by a good spring on the mountain side, to the left of the road, from which we had a good view of the valley through which we had passed, and which extended on southward to the lake.

AUG. 4.—Drove 20 miles to a creek in our pathway, where we remained until the 6th, the 5th being the Sabbath day. We had good grass and water and every accommodation of a good camp, which was fortunate for us after a hard weeks travel, under a hot sun, over parched sandy plains, variegated only with occasional stony bluffs, hills and spars and mountains.

AUG. 5.—Proceeded nine miles up this creek, thence six miles to the junction of the roads coming to Fort Hall and the lake.—Encamped three miles further on, by a good spring, but found the pasture near watering places entirely eaten up. Drove our cattle up a ravine coming out of the mountain, where we found tolerable grass for the night.

AUG. 7.—We proceeded on our laborious journey, striking Goose creek about noon, having travelled 18 miles. The road to

this creek was extremely rough, but it became good again on the bottom of the creek, where we found good company nearly all along.

AUG. 8.—We proceeded up Goose creek eighteen miles to where the road leaves it. Encamped by an excellent spring, but no grass could be obtained for cattle without driving them a mile or more from camp.

AUG. 9.—We left camp by daylight and drove eight or ten miles, over a sandy barren and rough piece of country where we stopped an hour to rest, and turned our cattle out to graze, more through formality than any prospect of finding grass. Arrived in Hot Spring valley in the afternoon, where we encamped by a large spring of cold water, having made a journey of 17 miles for the day. We drove our cattle a couple of miles to grass, where we left them for the night. Two of the men remained to guard them, as reports were out that the Indians had stolen a considerable number.

AUG. 10.—Proceeded up the valley 14 miles, where finding good grass and water, we encamped for the night. The next morning being August the 11th, we made as early a start as possible, and travelled 18 miles, to the head of the valley where we found no grass, but excellent water. As we had no prospect of pasture for several miles on the road; we encamped by the spring, and drove our cattle out a mile to a ravine running through the mountains; where we found tolerable feed, but drove them in again before returning to our tents for the repose of the night, rather than run the risk of their being stolen by the Indians, as numbers of these savages were in the valley, and current reports that they had lately stolen a number of mules and cattle.

AUG. 12.—Remained in camp according to our usual custom, this day being the holy Sabbath unto the Lord.

AUG. 13.—We were on the road early in the morning, and ascended a long hill, from which we descended by a narrow ravine, reaching out into an extensive plain, on which the road forked, a branch running each side. We took the left, it being apparently the oldest track. Travelled to our usual camping time, without

finding any water except a pond from which we watered our cattle, at noon. We were apprehensive for a time, that we would find no water for the night, but proceeding down the valley for a few miles, found several springs of excellent water, of remarkable depth, being six or eight feet deep. Here we encamped for the night, having travelled twenty miles.

AUG. 14.—Proceeded down the river to Humbolt river, twenty miles. We enjoyed the advantage of a good road all day. The valley is level, about three or four miles wide, and affords excellent grass and water.

AUG. 15th, 16th and 17th.—We proceeded down the river about eighteen miles per day, having a good road except the dust, and plenty of grass and water. A hurricane of wind that darkened the air with dust, passed over us on the 17th, continuing perhaps half an hour, with all the apparent fury characterizing the simoon of the desert.

AUG. 18.—Reached Martins fork of the river about noon, where we remained over Sabbath. Drove a mile up the fork. Found an abundance of pasture and two springs, so large that they constituted the fork itself, a smart creek of pure cold water. The river where the road first strikes is no larger than an ordinary creek ; but increases in size rapidly from its tributaries. It runs along a beautiful valley of irregular width and rich soil, walled on each side by barren, but beautiful mountain bluffs, without any timber but a few scattering cedar shrubs, and scarcely any vegetation whatever. The Shosonies or Snake Indians, inhabit the surrounding country, the region about this part of the river. A number came to our camp yesterday while eating dinner. They appeared well disposed to emigrants, and of correct deportment generally. But they were destitute even of arms, and fine specimens of natures noblemen, "model artists of the wilderness," almost in an entire state of nudity, bidding defiance to those peculiarities of civilization, by which the essential beauties or deformities of the person are concealed from the public eye.

AUG. 20.—Having rested the previous day—the day of rest divinely appointed, we started early and drove 20 miles through

a rough, barren Kenyon to the river again, where finding the grass very scarce, we were compelled to drive three miles further, before camping, making in all 23 miles. The day was warm and sultry, the road rough and from 6 to 12 inches deep with dry dust, that both rendered it difficult and unpleasant for man or animal to travel or rather to trail over in its whole extent.

We found but a scant supply of water from a small spring or two in the Kenyon, and both men and teams were quite overcome with the most exhausting fatigue, on reaching the place of our encampment, where we had the river for our supply of water, and tolerable pasture for our cattle.

AUG. 21.—We advanced down the river twelve miles, where finding pasture, and learning that it was poor for some distance ahead, we encamped for the night, spending a few leisure hours as best suited our dispositions and convenience in fishing, bathing &c.

AUG. 22.—Travelled fifteen miles and encamped early, expecting James Watt, with his family (formerly of Jefferson county O.,) up in the evening. They arrived before sun down, and we, viz : McConnell and myself, travelled in company with them. Scott, Hoge, Haine's and Maxfield with whom we had been in company, having moved on a few miles in advance of us the same evening.

AUG. 23.—We left camp at 6 o'clock, and soon diverged from the river over a dry sandy plain of 12 miles, to where we again touched the river. Here we found no grass. The road was very dusty and the day warm. We turned our cattle among the willows along the river to rest rather than feed, before dinner. We dined down in the channel of the river by the water's edge, as the coolest and most secluded place from the dust that we could possibly find. A heavy gale of wind passed over just as we were leaving, that darkened the air with dust, and rendered it impossible to proceed for a short time. It remained cloudy during the afternoon, and fell a smart drizzling shower after night, slightly laying the dust for the following day. It was a late hour at night when we encamped; having travelled twenty-five miles, and previous to this late hour, having found no good grass; no adequate pasture for our poor animals.

AUG. 24.—Travelled 15 miles, leaving the river, the most of the afternoon, over a sandy barren plain, we touched it again about 4 o'clock, when finding tolerable pasture, we encamped.

AUG. 25.—Advanced on our journey 18 miles, leaving the river in the afternoon, passing over a heavy, sandy road for five or six miles. The sun was intensely hot, and a number of the oxen, belonging to James Watt, and two teams in company gave out, and were left until the next morning. Our own team was much fatigued on reaching camp on the river, where we obtained good grazing and laid up as usual, on the Sabbath, the 26th of this hot month.

AUG. 27.—Proceeded down the river 18 miles. Here the river bottom for several miles, becomes low and marshy. It was covered with tall grass and reeds, affording a good range for cattle. But the water having no regular running current, was of the most inferior kind. Encamped by the edge of the marsh, where a well two or three feet deep, dug by preceeding emigrants, afforded us tolerable water.

AUG. 28.—We advanced along our journey about 15 miles, when finding good pasture we encamped, and on the morning of the 29th, we left camp early, crossed the river four times during the day. Travelled twenty miles and had grazing of the best quality. The teams of Mr. Watt. with whom myself and McConnell had been associated for some time, now seemed entirely exhausted, and he determined to lay up for some days and recruit them. It became necessary for us, however, to move on, and we reluctantly left Mr. Watt and his family this morning.

AUG. 30.—We had heard some days back of a new road, leaving the old one, 70 or 80 miles above the sink of the river, bearing North of West to Feather river, and finding numbers recruiting here and cutting grass for a desert of sixty miles on the first of the road; we also cut some with a view of taking this new route, in accordance with the representation that it was the nearest and best route. Drove five miles and grazed our oxen the remainder of the day.

AUG. 31.—We passed on fourteen miles to where the new road leaves the one, a point at which we stopped to graze, but found poor pasture, as it had all been eaten off by teams laying up before taking the stretch on the new road. We here learned that there was some uncertainty about the new road being opened across the Sierra Nevada mountains, and hence determined to take the old route. After driving six miles further, making twenty miles in all during the day, although we found no pasture we were obliged to encamp for the night.

SEPT. 1st.—Travelled twenty miles. We encountered a sand bluff in a few miles, which proved very laborious, tedious and positively perplexing in our efforts to pass through. We touched the river near Sun down, but found no pasture except weeds and willows. The bluffs came in very close proximity to the river here, leaving but a narrow bottom, and consequently but little grass; and the advanced teams at this time had entirely eaten it up for miles around camping points.

SEPT. 2nd.—It is once more the Sabbath. McConnel and myself are alone in the wilderness. We have laid up here in our usual observance of the Lord's day. It is a dreary barren spot, but the Lord Jehovah is here. The universe is his great Temple, —and the devout worshipper can every where look up to his Father in Heaven and be in fellowship with him. We spent that day and night without any thing to molest us, but the wolves appeared to have an instinctive knowledge of our situation. They kept up a tremendous howling around us, and occasionally came up to our wagon. They even approached to our very camp tables, devouring the crumbs and bones that had fallen from it. We rose once in the night and took out our rifles to give them a salute, but they disappeared and kept their distance till we again retired. The rascals had, no doubt, smelled powder before now; and, concluding that prudence was the better part of valor, they deprived us of an opportunity of stretching their uncircumcised carcasses upon the sandy plain.

SEPT. 3d.—We departed from our encampment at an early hour. Ascended a bluff again—proceeded over a heavy sandy

road, and touched the river at noon without finding pasture.— Having travelled fifteen miles, we encamped on the border of the bluff, turning our cattle on the narrow bottom of the bluff below, where, indeed, there was no grazing but some green willows that afforded a very meager substitute for the same.

SEPT. 4th.—We continued on the bluff fifteen miles, crossing four miles before reaching the river, where we found some grass. We encamped, at the close of this days' journey, by a well on the border of the large slough that here commences and continues to the sink of the river. D. Brewer, bearer of government dispatches to Fort Hall, staid with us to-night.

SEPT. 5th.—We moved ten miles down the river, where, still finding good grass, we encamped to recruit our oxen, as much as time would permit, before entering on the desert just before us. Here we cut off part of our wagon-bed to lighten our load, and mowed sufficient grass to carry with us for two days' rations, as there is none for 60 or 70 miles after leaving that point.

SEPT. 6th.—We drove down to the sink of the river, where we found a few wells of strong sulphur water—the best, in fact, which the point afforded. We had understood that a mountain stream afforded water at this place; but we were disappointed. No such happy providential arrangement was to be found. We watered our teams at the wells, and used freely of it ourselves, overcome as we were with the most demanding thirst. To all it was very unpalatable and to some sickening. It soon made visible demonstrations on my corporeal system. From this point we had 50 miles to travel across a barren sandy waste, properly called, by emigrants, the "Waste" or "Desert"—being, in fact, the Northern point of the "Great Western Desert," marked on our Geographical Charts. Having been disappointed in procuring water at the sink of the river, we found ourselves now 20 miles past a watering point, and 50 miles before reaching any but a few wells of salty, brackish water along the road over the desert—wells that have been dug by emigrants in hopes of good water, but in vain. The water which they afforded can scarcely be used at all, proving rather an aggravation than a gratification of thirst. We left this place at 10 o'-

clock at night, just as the welcome moon appeared in the horizon; and travelled 20 miles by daylight, when we stopped an hour at one of these wells, the water of which even our cattle refused. Here we took some breakfast and fed on the hay which we carried with us. Having proceeded 10 miles further, and finding the day growing very warm, we lay up till 2 o'clock P. M. We had left the sink in company with a small train from Missouri—the Rough and Ready train—which proved a fortunate circumstance at this time for us: otherwise we might have been under the necessity of waiting for another train. Our team was reduced to two yoke of oxen, and they much fatigued and worn by a long journey, and poor pasture for most of the last 100 miles. One of our cattle gave out before reaching the sink, on the day previous, and we thought ourselves fortunate in getting another in his place, for which we paid a fair price; but the new ox gave out that night, and we left both on the road, having only one yoke to our wagon. The road became very heavy with sand; and, considering it impossible to proceed with one yoke, we made an arrangement with Mr. Brown, of the train, to carry our baggage through for our remaining team, giving, as we thought, the best we could under the circumstances. In the afternoon, the train was again on the road. And McConnel and I having no charge now in the way of teams or wagon, took our rifles and went on in advance, little thinking we had twenty miles of a deep and sandy road to travel over before reaching water. We had come 40 or 50 miles without any but a little sulphur water obtained at the sink of the river, which, instead of benefiting me, had so sickened me that I could not eat, and, consequently, was in bad condition for wading 20 miles under a scorching Sun through sand from 6 to 12 inches deep.—We had proceeded but a short distance till we realized our situation, and, perhaps, would have taken advantage from the shade of some wagon left along the road, of which we observed many as we passed along—and here have remained till Sun down; but, deceived in the distance, we proceeded as fast as we could, expecting soon to reach water, the want of which I had never felt to the same extent before. Near Sun down we reached a well of salt

water, from which we received great benefit by bathing in it, but could not drink it, or if a few sips were forced it only aggravated our raging thirst. Carson river was before us. The thought of its refreshing and pure waters still kept up hope and life; but we had ten miles of a journey yet to accomplish, and it seemed double that distance under our circumstances of distress. Every minute seemed an hour—every mile a league; but the tenacity of life is wonderful, and the love of it is natural to man. To sink down on the sandy plain and die the horrible death from thirst, was a catastrophe most dreadful in the contemplation; and our very thirst imparts new energy to every element of life. The vital organs seem to be fortified in proportion to the difficulties of our position, and the very dangers to which we have adverted. At last, about the hour of midnight, or, perhaps, a little after, we reached Carson river. Our first impulse was to plunge ourselves into the stream, and we were only restrained from such a reckless transaction by the consideration that we had no change of clothes at hand. We contented ourselves by drinking copiously and bathing. The idea of supper scarcely entered our heads.—We had taken no supper, in fact we had none to take. The sensation of hunger was lost in one of greater magnitude. Our thirst was quenched, hunger was forgotten,—a camp fire kindled on the river bank—a blanket providentially obtained—and we made a rapid excursion to the land of somnus and of pleasant dreams.—And lifting up our eyes and hearts to a kind Heavenly Father, we could, in a moment, spiritualize the events of the day. How retreshing the waters of spiritual life to the thirsty soul. How welcome the rest of Heaven on the banks of the river of life,—after our journey through this earthly desert—this dreary wilderness where no water of Heaven's perfect blessedness is to be found by the poor pilgrim with his face set towards the "city of gold" on high. The teams did not arrive till near morning—jaded and almost entirely worn out. Every team had left a part of its oxen by the way. Some of these animals were afterwards brought in; but others never revived. The whole road was strewed with dead cattle, mules and horses, wagon carts, chairs, telling each succeed-

ing emigrant, what he too well learned before getting over, that it was a desperate point in the route.

The first week in September has now almost passed away. The Sabbath is once more with us. And thankful to God for his goodness, we remain here till the beginning of the second week of September, when we resumed our toilsome pilgrimage. How beautiful does this river appear in our eyes now! It seems the sweetest river we have ever seen! What delightful and exhilarating waters! We trace the river to its source. It is up in yonder mountains. The stream comes rolling down cool and clear and abundant—the bountiful provision of God for a mighty population in the future—and now the very temporal salvation of us weary emigrants to the shores and valleys and hills lined with that, the “love of which is the root of all evil.”

Having disposed of our teams and baggage, we had no charge whatever, and wishing to reach the point of destination for which we had long and arduously labored, we now set out on foot, without provisions or bedding with the hope of securing them from advanced emigrants. For the most part, our expectations were realized. But successful as we were, it was rather nominal than real. Our sleeping accommodations are not worthy to be celebrated on the pages of history or in the song of the poet. At the best, they were miserably poor, and once or twice no place whatever, but mother earth. Still we thought of the Patriarch Jacob, and were content. From dry pine we made a large fire, and the spirit of Yankee invention was stirred within us, when we attempted to make a bed out of pine bushes. But our success was not very complimentary to our inventive powers, as we could not succeed in adjusting these bushes so as to be entirely comfortable.

One week brought us to Pleasant Valley, or the dry diggins, a distance of over two hundred miles from the point where we struck Carson river. We followed up this river one hundred miles before we struck the mountains, for the place of our destination.

CHAPTER VI.

Journey from Pleasant Valley to San Francisco.

At last we have emerged from our long and perilous journey into the borders of that land, which like many other earthly things, will never fulfil the promises with which these objects of the imagination have been invested. The insignia of busy and civilized life are now around us. The sight of a log cabin is a real luxury, and to sit down to a table and eat a regular meal with fresh beef and vegetables, proved almost too much of a temptation for our desperate appetites. After taking a general view of the operations in this mining district, we procured some tools, a pick, shovel and pan, and went to work digging gold. But how experience often changes the glowing visions, into cold realities. We had been informed on the whole way, that an ordinary days labor would always insure an ounce or more of the precious metal. But we labored all day and got nothing, and ascertained further, that this was the lot of many others. The second day proved no better, and the third no better in the way of success. My partner, McConnel being a carpenter, now concluded to go on to Sacramento City, and engage in that business, which he did in a few days. I remained eight or nine days still working in the mines, or gold placers; and fortunately during the few days, took out several ounces per day. Our baggage having been directed to Sacramento City, and having heard nothing of McConnel, as I expected, I resolved to proceed on down, procure my baggage and make some permanent arrangement for winter. I reached the city about the 1st of October, where I had a severe attack of dysentery, by which I was very much prostrated for some time. While I was in a state of convalescence, I met with McElrath and Rainy, of our original company, and others who had come to the city for provisions, intending to winter in southern California. McConnel and myself engaged to go with them, and purchased a yoke of cattle and put in with their team. Our arrangements made, we were again on the road with fine weather, and good prospects, as usual, going to the mines. We landed on Curtis creek between Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers, after ten days travel, a distance of 150 miles. Here

we landed and pitched our tents, calculating soon to build a cabin for winter. Not finding the place to yield, in accordance with our anticipations and with the prospect of a hard winter before us, and high provisions in the mining districts, Rainy, McConnel and myself concluded to go on to the coast for the winter. The roads had become bad from the recent heavy rains, and though we came back to the river in an empty mule wagon, we were three days on the road. We reached Stockton in the early part of November, and found the whole town almost blockaded with mud. It is situated on a slough running up several miles from a river in the vicinity of the place. We secured lodging at what was called the Branch hotel. It was a long one story building, divided into two rooms. The first of these answered for a bar room and parlor, the second, for dining and sleeping room ; a small lobby at one end of the building was the kitchen. We succeeded in getting a place to stand in the first mentioned apartment, till the supper bell rang, when those next the door had the fortune to get a seat at the first table, and the others their room. Supper over, we spread our beds in the dining room, and fared better in sleeping than for some time. On the 12th of November, Rainy and myself set out for San Francisco, on board a small schooner. Had bad weather and an unpleasant trip—landing on the 15th, at the great commercial emporium of California. McConnel went by the way of Sacramento City from Stockton, to get our trunks, which had been stored there; and he did not arrive for some days afterwards. We found the city almost impassible along the streets next the river. It still continued to rain, and every thing combined to give the place a gloomy rather than a pleasant and attractive appearance. We stopped for a few days at a Restaurant boarding house on Clay St., when we removed to the Revere hotel at the north point of the city.

Rainy and McConnel went into the trading business ; and I having received an appointment as Inspector of the port of San Francisco, from Col. Collier ; went on board a Dutch brig, North Pole, on the 25th of November, where I remained till the 1st of January, 1850.

My debut as Inspector was rather discouraging. The cabin was small and hampered, and the captain a selfish and most unaccommodating son of Neptune. I slept about a week on a small sofa in the cabin, and had to complain to the authorities of the Custom House, before I could procure a berth. And even then, my bed was sail cloth, and my bed clothes a blanket and cloak.— On the 9th of January, I went aboard the barque *Conception*, as Inspector. The vessel although from Chili, was commanded by Americans. Captain Howis, I found quite a gentleman, and enjoyed myself well on his vessel.

Here the regular journal is arrested in its course; having come apparently to an abrupt termination. Still the design originally contemplated, has been fully accomplished. A condensed memorandum has been given, respecting the writers journey from Steubenville to the Metropolitan city, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. And from detached papers and letters, we gather his remaining history up to the period of his death. A short time subsequent to the last record made in his journal, he took an excursion to the mines on the Yuba river, and there engaged in the enterprise of a provision store. But he soon returned to San Francisco with his health much impaired. In the month of August, 1850, having embarked on a vessel for New York city, and having arrived in safety, our young friend was buoyant with hope that he would soon be in the bosom of his friends and relatives, in the state of Ohio. He had proceeded on his way as far as the city of Buffalo, and there breathed his last among strangers, but a few hours before an affectionate brother arrived to meet him, and with a hearty welcome, convey him to "his own home."

Soon after his death, the following obituary notice appeared in one of our leading periodicals:—

"Died, on Sabbath morning, the 6th of October, 1850, of typhoid fever, in the city of Buffalo, on his way home from California, Mr. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD DUNDASS, in the 31st year of his age.

The deceased was a brother of the Rev. John R. Dundass, pastor of Mingo Church, Pa. While a student of Princeton Theolog-

ical Seminary, his letters to this younger brother, now in his grave, it is believed, were mainly instrumental in his conversion to God, and his subsequent resolution to seek the requisite preparation himself for the gospel ministry. He accordingly commenced, and for some time prosecuted a course of study, with a view to this great purpose of his life. But a constitutional disease developed itself in the form of chronic bronchitis, attended with physical debility, which compelled him to abandon his original design and engage in some pursuit where public speaking would not be brought into requisition. He then read the usual course of medicine, but with the prevailing impression that he never would be able to enter actively upon the duties of that laborious profession.

After having for a time filled an important civil office in Jefferson county, Ohio—the place of his nativity—and finding the door providentially closed against his continuance in that public position, unfettered by business or domestic ties, he resolved to test the supposed genial influence of some foreign clime. Despair of help from the common remedies, and having read some accounts of remarkable cures effected by a journey through the Plains and over the Rocky Mountains, he was induced to try the experiment, as a kind of forlorn hope, for his health—making pecuniary considerations, as he declared to his friends, altogether subordinate in the case. And contrary to the expectations of those who felt the deepest interest in his welfare, he was preserved through the perilous journey of the wilderness, and his consumptive malady apparently removed—having better health last winter in San Francisco than he had previously enjoyed for many years. But during the past summer the symptoms of his former disease returned with such violence as to threaten a fatal termination; and having embarked for home in the month of August, he arrived in New York city about the 24th of September, and was trying to reach the residence of a near and dear relative in Medina County, Ohio—most anxiously wishing, no doubt, to die in the arms of his friends. The mournful privilege, however, neither he nor his friends were permitted to enjoy. In Buffalo city he was prostrated with a violent attack of the prevailing fever; and before his brother arrived,

whom he had summoned by a telegraphic dispatch to his dying bed, he had breathed his last. His remains were taken immediately to the residence of his brother, in Ohio, and deposited in the graveyard where he himself expects to repose, when the toils of life and the agonies of death shall have passed away.

The subject of this notice has left a journal and many interesting letters written in his absence, that may yet be given to the public, for the gratification of numerous friends who manifested their friendship towards him in various ways during his life, and who have already expressed their sympathy with the surviving relatives in this sad bereavement. In one of his letters written previous to his departure from Steubenville for the shores of the Pacific, in reply to objections urged by his brother to his contemplated journey, expressing the fear that he would in all probability die among strangers, without the soothing and consolatory attention of friends around him in his last moments, he uses the following language: "To live with friends and acquaintances of early life, and have them stand by our side in sickness and death, may be desired by all, but comparatively few enjoy the boon. Joseph slept in a land of strangers, and Moses in a lone desert mountain, and many have succeeded them both. If we are prepared for an exchange of worlds, it is not very material to us where that exchange takes place—at home or abroad—in the arms of strangers or of friends." Passing, however, the grave of an emigrant in his route, he records this reflection in his journal at the time: "Society is so dear to man, that even to see the grave of a departed one, in the wide uninhabited plain or desert, suggests solitary emotions, and instinctively excites that feeling so common to us all—a desire to sleep with our fathers." His last letters, especially, show that he was living near to Jesus, and that his affections were placed, not on the treasures of the golden land, but on the golden streets of the heavenly city. "It is my sincere desire," he writes, "my fixed resolution, to live to the glory of God, that by his grace I may be prepared for a longer life, or fitted for an earlier death." I desire to take a very low place at the feet of Jesus Christ; and I cherish a hope which, as an anchor to my soul, I would not ex-

change for worlds." A few days before his death, he sketched with a pencil, in a tremulous and scarcely legible hand, his last communication to one of his brothers, concluding with two sentences expressive of the state of his mind in view of approaching dissolution: "I trust in the immutable promises of God, and pray for their fulfillment in my case. If I should never see my friends again, while life remains, I will still pray for them."

Many considerations tend to render this a most afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence. The deceased was the youngest member of an affectionate family. He was amiable, honorable and upright—endowed with an intellect of a superior order, and abounding in that noble generosity which disposed him to sacrifice his own comfort with a view to contribute to the happiness of others. Had he died on the plains, or in the midst of the mountains, or in the valley of the Sacramento; he might at least have had acquaintances around him, and his death under such circumstances would have been nothing more than his friends expected. But after having heard of his remarkable preservation, and apparent restoration to health, while thousands stronger than he had fallen victims to disease and death; and while his brothers and sisters, having received intelligence that he was on his way home, were waiting every day with the most anxious solitude to see him—to hear in the meantime of his death so near his friends, and yet among strangers, renders the bereavement inexpressibly sad. How mysterious is the course of Divine Providence! How hard under such circumstances is it sometimes, even for the pious friends to say, "The will of the Lord be done." And whatever may be their resignation in view of the loss they have sustained, they feel justified by eminent examples in sacred history, when they mourn and "go to the grave to weep there."

But while the bleeding hearts of surviving relatives almost refuse to be comforted, calm reflection, under the influence of Christian feelings, teaches that God does all things well. And submission to his holy providence is here urged, both by dictates of reason and the leading elements in the religion of Christ. However dark the cloud may be, there is to the believer a sun behind that cloud.

It is the prerogative of Jehovah to be his own interpreter in all the mysteries of his providential government. What we know not now we shall know hereafter, is the blessed assurance that he has given us from his infallible word. And in the gloomiest shade of this affliction, there are still even now some rays of light. If early piety, if a consistent deportment; if elevated religious experience, be an index to a happy immortality, then death, in the case of this beloved young man, is everlasting gain. He rembered his Creator in the days of his early youth, connecting himself with the people of God, as a member of the Presbyterian Church, in the 19th year of his age. He had not yet arrived at the meridian of life, but at the same time he had been called to experience, in their various forms some of the sorrows common to humanity, and some peculiar to his providential lot in life. Some years ago the domestic circle to which he belonged, was broken up by the removal of two of its leading members to the silent tomb—a widowed mother and a beloved sister leaving him, as he often expressed himself, without a home in this world, and producing a shock to the tender sensibilities of his nature from which he never fully recovered.— And in his last illness, doubtless, when he saw around him no sister, or brother, or friend, or acquaintance, to administer to his wants, or speak words of comfort to him in a dying hour, he was led to think of bygone days, when in sickness he had a mother's love and a sister's affectionate care. Now when the promptings of his heart would wish for their presence around his sick bed, we have reason to believe that his desires were more than realized by the interposition of a heavenly Father, sending kind angels to visit his sick and dying chamber, to bear away his emancipated spirit to the home and rest of God's people, there to be forever associated with those dear departed friends whose lives constituted the elements of his happy home on earth.



